the monsoon breaks is that of a woman no longer alone. I was standing one such evening at the door of an Anglo Indian Club, looking out on its lovely garden. The scents, the sounds, and the lights of the night were as a vision of paradise. A *bara mem* pushed past from behind me. She was the wife of a man whom India had raised from a humble position in life to rule over hundreds of thousands, a woman whom Viceroyalties delighted to honour. She had spent all her life surrounded by the poetry, the glamour, the glory of the East. But as she bustled down the steps into the glowing radiance of that matchless night she exclaimed approvingly: "Jolly moonlight!"

Beneath the Stones of Delhi lie, buried many lost illusions. It is indeed the city of dead hopes. Timur, first of the Moghul Emperors, saw in a dream an oasis in a desert in which was a palace. There a man wrote the Book of Fate for all the human race. But when Timur asked to

know his own destiny he awoke. Happy Timur *I*. For some of us there will be no awakening from that lurid nightmare called life, till death comes.

Requiescat in pace.